

Boys Will Be Boys

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Boys Will Be Boys

by [icycas](#)

Summary

School trips suck. Clay threw his head back against the bus chair in exasperation from the amount of sweaty and stinky bodies being crammed in the small space. The only welcome sight to Clay was the British boy currently pushing his way through the bodies, trying to get to the back.

Request: George flirts with a guy during a school trip, causing Dream to get possessive

Notes

DISCLAIMER: Please don't read this if you're uncomfortable with this pairing being written about explicitly. This story is entirely fiction, but these are real people. Please don't harass anyone in this fic about pairings or their sexuality – I recognize that Dream and George are both straight; this is just self indulgence. If either of them ever state that this type of content makes them uncomfortable, I will delete my work.

All characters are of age and are at least 18, and they are both in their senior year of high

school.

No longer a oneshot bc you guys forced my hand

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

School trips fucking suck . Clay threw his head back against the bus chair in exasperation from the amount of sweaty and stinky bodies being crammed in the small space. Honestly, it should have been illegal for this many teenage boys to be stuffed in such a contained space for a very long list of reasons, but for starters, the lack of deodorant being worn by the boys in the bus was incredibly concerning.

The only welcome sight to Clay was the British boy currently pushing his way through the bodies, trying to get to the back. “Holy shit, has anyone in this fucking bus ever heard of soap?” George wiped the sweat off his brow as he plopped next to his best friend.

“Tell me about it. It’s like we’re in the middle ages again. HEY ASSHOLE GET YOUR STINKY PITS OUTTA MY FUCKIN FACE,” the Floridian screamed at the boy reaching over him to put his bag on the bus shelf. The guy just rolled his eyes in response. The amount of testosterone and hormones running rampant in the metal prison was suffocating; every boy on the bus was being generally annoying, and it was only getting worse. As the numbers in the bus were increasing, the school boys were getting progressively more rowdy.

Just when you think that everyone’s here, more just keep coming , Clay groaned.

George reached over to unlatch the window and pulled it open before plopping back down to fan himself with his hand. “I can’t wait until we get off this god forsaken bus.” Dream nodded in agreement.

As the boys piled out of the cramped bus, George sighed with relief as he got a whiff of fresh air. Normally, the sight of a forest isolated from the rest of society would have freaked the boy out, but right now, he couldn’t have wished for a better view. Clay and George made their way over to their assigned dorm, hauling their duffle bags filled with supplies to last the week.

“Wilderness training my ass, I hate private schools,” Clay complained, sweating from the oppressive summer heat and humidity.

“Hey, we’re here to ‘*learn how to become men and learn real life skills* ,’” George imitated their camp counselor sarcastically before he dropped the duffle bag in front of the cabin door. “On the bright side, it’s a two person dorm, so the only sweaty bodies will be our own,” the dark oak haired boy sighed as he unlocked the door.

“That sounded a little-” Clay teased, walking into the cabin. George rolled his eyes, dropped his bag in front of his bed, and threw himself on it. Clay sat on his own bed, unpacking the essentials.

“Wake me up before we go eat, I’m taking a cat nap,” the shorter boy said as he threw off his shirt before spreading out on the bed. Peeking up from his duffle bag, Clay stole a glance at the half naked boy laying in front of him. He swallowed audibly at the thin boy in front of him. His soft milky skin, free of any imperfections, looked like the perfect canvas for someone to mark up. His pink nipples that were perked up from the cool air wafting through the opened window glistened against his sweaty body, begging and tempting the taller boy. Clay’s eyes trailed down, following the happy trail leading to the boy’s shorts and-” The emerald eyed boy stopped himself, not wanting to pop a boner in front of his best friend. Clay got up to take a walk outside.

When Clay returned to wake George up, he was practically drenched in sweat. Maybe taking a

walk during the middle of the day wasn't such a good idea. The boy opened the door and quickly stripped himself of his pants and shirt to cool off. He began to rummage through his bag to find a replacement outfit, but was distracted by the sound of ruffling sheets. George groggily rubbed at his eyes as he sat up to get a look at the source of the noise. When his eyes finally focused, he saw his best friend in just his boxers and blushed.

"Shit, give me a warning first dude," the British boy said as he turned away quickly.

"Didn't think you'd wake up," Clay said as he grabbed the clothes, then faced his friend and grinned. "Besides, we're both guys. Unless, you like what you see?" Clay teased.

George scoffed, "yeah right, just go take your fucking shower."

Clay laughed as he grabbed the towel and headed to the public bathroom outside. George let out a sigh of relief after the blonde boy left. Maybe it was just the hormones talking, but it was getting harder and harder for George to not focus on his friend. Even though George and Clay grew up together, George had to admit that his best friend had undergone some unexpected changes. He was no longer the scrawny and scruffy kid he was before, he was now a fully built man. The two used to be the same height, but now the sea green eyed boy now towered over him, and his arm was probably about twice the size of George's skinny ones. The brunette found it unfair that the blonde had gotten so built without even trying, yet he was stuck with the same body he had since middle school. *Whatever, nothing I can do about it now* .

The layout of the cafeteria made it so that the pair would literally have to sit with one of the insufferable assholes that came abundant in their school. Clay and George made their way to the table in the corner of the wooden cafeteria, trying to avoid just about everyone. The two sat down at the near empty table, and talked about their plans for the week. Everything was going fine until one of the jocks sat down next to George, and his friend next to Clay.

Clay groaned as he rubbed his temples. "Hey Sam, if you're gonna say something stupid, can you just say it now so I can hold myself back from punching you?"

"Not looking for a fight, Clay, just looking for some company." Sam just grinned cunningly, turning his attention to George. He put his hand around the smaller boy's shoulders playfully, "big guy over here bothering you?" the blue eyed boy joked.

George laughed, playing along, knowing how he would get a rise out of Clay. "Yeah, I'm looking for a big strong man to scare him off~" The pale boy said in his best sickeningly sweet voice. Sam and his friend burst out laughing. Clay clenched his jaw and shot the jock a look. The mischievous blue eyed boy, completely ignoring the blonde, kept exchanging light-hearted and flirtatious jokes with the smaller boy under his arm. They were both just teasing each other, but the moment that George put his hand on Sam's arm to jokingly feel it, Clay slammed his fists on the table. Thank god the cafeteria was noisy with the sound of teenage boys screaming over each other, because the sound caused their table of ten boys to turn around, shocked.

"Bro, it's just a joke, calm do-," Sam started. Clay shot up and grabbed George by the arm, dragging him out of the building.

George, shocked at his friend's outburst, tried to pry Clay's hand off of him. "Clay what the hell? Let go!"

The moment they made it outside, George escaped Clay's grip as he stared back at his friend, stunned.

“What the hell was that back there? It was just a fucking joke, Clay!” George said, bewildered.

“You know I-” Clay looked at George, furious.

“Yeah! I know you hate Sam. So what? We were having fun until you decided to be a fucking asshole for no reason. He didn’t even do anything!” George practically yelled.

Clay took a step closer to George, faces just inches apart. George gulped at the proximity. “You wanna know why I hate him so fucking much, George?” the taller boy growled out. “Because he always eyes you up, keeps touching you, and you fucking let him.” George shivered at how animalistic Clay’s tone sounded.

“I- I..” George stuttered. Clay grabbed George’s face, closing the distance between them as he slipped his tongue into George’s mouth. The kiss completely caught George off guard, and the British boy made a noise as Clay roughly bit his lip before pulling away. George, blushing hard, felt his heart rate pick up at how sexy the taller boy looked. His green eyes were illuminated by the few warm lights brightening up the path, making the taller boy look like a cat stalking its prey.

“Wanna fuck you so bad,” Clay breathed against George’s neck, lips ghosting over the skin, teasing George. The sensation went straight to George’s dick, and he felt his legs go weak at how much he needed Clay. As a silent agreement, George caressed Clay’s hair as he pressed him against his neck, allowing him to mark him up. Clay, accepting the offer, began to kiss and bite at the pale boy’s neck. George reached over to hold Clay’s arms for support, afraid his legs would give out from how turned on he was.

“Inside,” George breathed out. The last thing the boy wanted was for them getting it on in public to be the talk of the week. Clay growled as he pulled George into their room, slamming the smaller boy against the door while feeling up his chest under the shirt. Clay, roughly kissing George, used his calloused thumbs to rub George’s nipples, causing them to harden against the touch. George moaned, arching his back into the touch. Clay moved to strip George of his shirt, bringing his mouth over the pink buds to take them in his mouth and tease it. After George started to squirm from one of them being overworked, Clay switched over to the other one. After teasing his chest until it was bright red, the freckled boy gave one last bite at George’s nipple before pulling away to undo George’s pants. The summer heat made the boys’ skin sticky with sweat as they pushed against each other, but the pair couldn’t care less in that moment. Unconcerned with the rest of the world, the boys eagerly stripped themselves as they ended up making out on Clay’s bed. They were both so desperate that they started to grind their cocks against each other while their tongues intertwined.

The blonde boy pulled away to admire the brown eyed boy below him. “Mine,” Clay growled as he bit George’s neck hard enough to leave a mark. The older boy winced, but felt his cock twitch and leak, begging for more.

“Need more,” George pleaded, grinding against Clay’s dick. Clay grabbed the boy off the bed to position him to sit on top of his thighs, just in front of his cock. George blushed at how easy it was for the strong boy to manhandle him, and watched as Clay spat into his hand before taking both of their cocks in his hand to stroke them. George moaned as he collapsed forward to rest his forehead on Clay’s shoulders, completely lost in the pleasure. Clay tightened his fist as he quickened the motion of his hand. The room, having been somewhat cooled due to the nighttime breeze, was already growing humid again from the heavy breathing.

The stronger boy, now thrusting into his fist, started to grunt as he approached his orgasm. The rapid and unrelenting pace of Clay’s hand was having a similar effect on George, and he felt himself tense as he prepared to spill. But just before either of the boy’s could gain that satisfaction,

the freckled boy slowed the pace of his hand.

“Get on all fours,” Clay ordered, pulling his hand away before either of them could cum. George, nervous of what the taller boy was planning, hesitantly turned around.

“Calm down, I’m not putting it in.” The emerald eyed boy said, spitting into his hand again before rubbing the saliva on his hard cock. He leaned down and bit George’s ear then roughly grabbed both of the boy’s thighs to compress them together.

“As much as I’d like to fuck you till all you can remember is my name,” Clay licked along the shell of George’s ear, “I wanna save that for later.” The shorter boy shivered, rutting his ass back against the thick cock pressed against him. Guiding the head of his dick between George’s thighs, the boy pushed in.

“Tighten your thighs,” the blonde commanded as he started to glide his cock against George’s. George complied and moaned at the friction against his cock. Even though Clay wasn’t fucking him, the position and the intimacy made him just as turned on, and he felt his head go hazy from lust. George squeezed his thighs tighter, and the added pressure against his leaking cock, along with the sliding of Clay’s member, caused the boy’s breathing to become labored.

“Clay mmggnn... feels so good,” the brunette moaned. The air in the room felt heavy as the two desperately rutted against each other, and the chirps of the nocturnal crickets were drowned out by the sounds of skin slapping, moaning, and panting.

Clay gripped George’s hips harder as he slammed into his thighs, making sure to angle his thick cock against the pale boy’s length each time. Clay reached forward to turn George’s face so that he could steal a kiss, and even through the awkward angle, the tongue sliding against his own was clouding George’s thoughts.

“I want you to remember how good I fuck you next time you talk with Sam. How wet you are for me,” Clay growled out. George quivered at how possessive Clay was being, and felt himself get closer at the dominating behavior. Both of the boy’s breathing became labored as they pushed their bodies against each other.

The freckled boy started to slam into George harder, causing the brunette to whine. “Clay! Fuck, fuck, I’m gonna cum!” George threw his head back as he let the taller boy fuck his thighs savagely.

“Cum for me baby, scream my name so everyone can hear,” Clay snarled, causing George to spill against Clay’s thick cock.

“Shit, you feel so good baby, can’t wait to feel how tight your ass is,” the blonde groaned as he stilled his hips to cum between George’s thighs. As he pulled his leaking cock out, he grabbed George’s thighs to spread them apart, admiring the cum that was dripping down. Even in the dimly lit room, George looked beautiful – his fucked out body being illuminated by the moonlight, the now purple marks on the boy’s neck and hips, and the cum highlighting his toned thighs – Clay almost got hard again from the sight.

George slumped onto the bed, satisfied from their little romp. “Holy shit, that was good.”

Clay laid down next to him on the tiny bed, “don’t worry, we’ll be doing it every day from now on.” George blushed and felt his heart flutter.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“COME ON LADIES, RUN!” every sweaty boy on the trail collectively groaned. If there were ever a time to overthrow the tyrannical teachers forcing them to run up this impossibly steep hill, now would be a good time.

“Fuck this shit,” Clay groaned as he wiped his brow from the sweat that was dripping down.

“Hey, this beats the bus. At least we have open air.” George said, panting as he kept a light jog.

“Beats the bus? Dude I can still fucking smell them, the wind is carrying the scent back to us.”

“Well, the only way we can get some fresh air is to be in the front I suppose,” the pale boy smiled. Unlike the freckled boy, George was a well known track star in the school. This run was child’s play. “Race you?”

Although Clay knew he was getting himself into a losing battle, his pride prevented him from declining the challenge. “You’re on.” The two boys sprinted along the trail, surprising just about everyone.

“How much do you want to bet Clay faints. God, they’re so fucking crazy,” one of the boy’s said, watching the two boys sprint in the blazing sun.

“YEAH, WE ARE FUCKING CRAZY!” Clay yelled back, passing a majority of the boys, but still just a foot behind George.

The shorter boy laughed as he made it to the top of the trail, looking down. Clay, having collapsed just at the finish, crawled his way to the end, panting. The humid summer air made each breath feel like a lung full of water.

“You look like shit,” George chuckled as he reached a hand out to help his friend up. They were both drenched in sweat, huffing. Taking his friend’s hand, Clay pulled George down to the shade with him.

“AhHH,” George yelled out in surprise. His sticky pale skin was now covered in a light coating of dirt, annoying the boy. “What the hell,” George groaned, trying to wipe off the dust, but ended up getting more on himself. The boy gave up as he laid in the shade with his friend. They laid for a while, trying to catch their breaths while listening to the singing of the cicadas.

When Clay’s lungs had stopped screaming at him, he turned to George. “Shower?”

“Absolutely.”

The two boys made their way to the empty bathroom, tossing their toiletries in the respective cubbies. The perk of having almost killed themselves sprinting the hike was that they finished far earlier than the other boys walking, which meant that they got a peaceful shower, free of childish schoolboys slapping each other's asses and comparing their dicks every second. George stripped and quickly slipped under the shower, turning it to it’s only setting. The french roast haired boy sighed at the feeling of the sharp coldness hitting his burning skin. George began running his

hands along his body with the soap, scrubbing off the dirt that had collected. Clay, walking into the public shower, watched from the entrance. The pale boy, washing his face and hair, was completely unaware of the freckled boy's presence. Clay watched hungrily as George ran his hands along his lithe body, soap running along the dips and curves causing his skin to glisten in the sunlight. *Sexy without even trying*, Clay smirked as he walked over to the boy, surprising him by slapping his ass.

"WHAT THE F- Clay?" George screamed bewildered. In the moment, he had thought that it was one of the dumbass jocks who had made it a habit to harass naked boys in the shower. To his relief, it was just his *dumbass friend*.

"Nice ass," Clay said as he walked under the shower head next to George's. George blushed a deep crimson, ignoring the taller boy.

"Come on, don't be like that. We've been having so much fun these past three days~" the freckled boy teased as he washed the dirt off himself while watching the blushing boy.

As George went to grab his soap, he glanced towards Clay's crotch and almost audibly gasped. He's seen his friend naked plenty of times (recently more often than normal) but each time, the sheer size of the boy's long and thick cock always caught George off guard. Even while flaccid, Clay's dick could make the other boys droop their head with shame. The smaller boy gulped as he quickly retrieved the soap, trying not to act obvious.

George was so obvious with his emotions. Clay saw the boy's eyes trail to his dick and caught the immediate blush that followed, and the blonde couldn't help but chuckle at how shy George was. Clay moved over to George, invading his personal space and slipping under his shower head.

"Wha- what are you doing?" George stammered. The taller boy ignored him as he captured his lips in a passionate kiss, pulling their bodies together. Even under the ice cold water spraying on the two of them, the brunette could feel himself heat up. Slipping his tongue into George's mouth, Clay reached over to grab the shorter boy's ass, causing him to yelp.

"UGH I CAN'T WAIT TO GET THIS SHIT OFF!"

The two boys jumped at the voice outside of the showers and quickly separated, flustered. Clay cleared his throat as he grabbed the soap to start washing, and George turned away blushing to finish washing his hair. George thanked god that both of the boys weren't going at it for too long and were both still flaccid, or else that would be a very hard story (literally) to tell the boys now piling into the shower.

"Ah look at Clay, I can't believe you're still alive after that," one of the boys commented as he moved over to the shower across from the pair.

The forest eyed boy just rolled his eyes at the comment as he continued cleaning. From beyond the shower room, Clay could hear the voices of Sam and his friends yelling, and could already feel the irritation bubbling.

"What's good Georgie? Clay?" the bleach blonde said. *The nickname*, Clay was offended that Sam thought him and the shorter boy were close enough to use nicknames. The pair just ignored the boy, focused on themselves. Sam shook it off as he lathered himself under the stream.

After a few moments, the silence felt awkward and George couldn't stand it. "First place, huh? That's pretty impressive, although I bet your team carried your ass," George teased, rinsing off the soap.

Sam laughed, “actually, I’m pretty athletic. I thought you already knew that when you were feeling up my muscles a few days ago.”

George gleaned over his shoulder at Clay and caught the icy cold eyes he was sporting, shooting daggers at the other boy.

George walked over to grab his towel as he finished up, “yeah right, there was nothing there.”

“Yeah? Why don’t you come watch the scrimmage tonight with us against purple, then. See who’s doing the carrying in my team. Oh, you can come too Clay.”

Clay scoffed, “heh, you really think I’m gonn-”

“I’d love to, but only because I know you’re gonna get your ass handed to you. Henry’s on purple, you’re fucked.” George walked out of the room, smiling, leaving the two boys in there.

Clay was stunned, completely surprised that George would still willingly tolerate Sam. The boy finished his shower, dumbfounded.

The pair sat on the wooden bleachers, watching the game. Clay, disgruntled that George was able to convince him to go, pretended to not care or pay attention to the game. *I could do so much better, I bet I could beat him in a fight one on one*, the boy kept thinking to himself. George, on the other hand, was completely enthralled in the game and was cheering on the boys.

So how was George not supposed to keep riling up Clay after finding out how possessive the boy got over him? The British boy would have been dumb *not* to. George honestly couldn’t give less of a shit about the game, but the furrowed brows that Clay gave each time George cheered on Sam’s team made the feigned interest all worth it.

After the game finally ended (Sam’s team won by a landslide), George hopped down to the boy jogging over to them.

“So? Proved you wrong again, Harry Potter.” Sam laughed, running his hands through his hair.

“I guess you did. And Harry Potter?”

“You’re always reading it during class. Plus, your little accent.” Clay watched the exchange with crossed arms, aggravated by George’s interest and laughs directed at someone else.

“You didn’t even do that well. Purple isn’t even that good, you were practically given a handicap playing against them,” the freckled boy snapped.

“Whoa, what’s with that? Georgie and I were just having some fun, no need to be a killjoy,” Sam smiled as he put up his hands defensively.

George pressed on. “He’s always like that. You know, I thought you looked pretty impressive back there.” The brunette fluttered his lashes prettily.

“Hmm really?” Sam leaned in to George, making a motion to grab his waist. All control Clay had been holding onto had been lost in that moment as he shot his hand forward to grip Sam’s wrist in a vice grip.

“I don’t fucking think so,” Clay growled. George fully expected Clay to get angry, but not to be so outward with it. The possessive tone in the stronger boy’s voice went straight to George’s dick.

“Dude, chill I-” Sam tried.

“I think you better step away before I beat the shit outta you. He’s mine,” the boy snarled, baring his teeth. Sam shook the hand off of him, giving an annoyed look at the angry boy before walking away.

Once they were alone on the dimly lit field, George tried pushing his luck further. “Well I mean he was-” Clay cut him off by pulling the brown eyed boy’s head back with his hair. The sudden motion knocked the wind out of George, and he winced at the grip.

“You’ve already forgotten your lesson? Maybe I need to fuck it into you harder, cuz you still wanna whore yourself out to him,” Clay whispered in a low growl against George’s ear, the warmth tickling his sensitive lobe, causing him to shiver. The past three days have been nice, but George needed more. He needed to be fucked into the bed until the mattress was outlined with his shape, until all he could do was cry for more, until he was spent dry. And now, it seemed like that was exactly what he was gonna get.

“I bet he could fuck me better,” George laughed out weakly from the strained position.

Fury overtook the taller boy, dragging George back to their dorm. The entire walk back, the boy was silent, not even turning to glance at the brunette. For a moment, George was afraid he had actually overstepped a boundary. It wasn’t until they made it back and Clay threw him on the bed that he felt eagerness and anticipation take over him.

The tan boy ripped off George’s shirt and roughly pulled off the boy’s pants before crawling on top of him.

“Clay wait-”

Clay shoved two fingers in George’s mouth. “Shut the fuck up. Suck,” the taller boy commanded, watching George work his strawberry lips around the digits. Working his fingers in the pale boy’s mouth, Clay toyed with his tongue between his fingers, relishing in the wet warmth. When he thought they were coated enough, the blonde pulled out the digits and flipped George over to lie face down. The stronger boy roughly grabbed the boy’s hips then shoved one finger in. George cried out in pain, but Clay didn’t give him any time to adjust before quickly adding in the second.

“Nghhhnn.” George squeezed his eyes shut, feeling a bead of sweat form while trying not to concentrate on the pain. Clay kept a slow pace, helping the drag against his hole ease up as he got adjusted. When the pain turned to pleasure, George felt himself start leaking onto the sheets. Clay noticed the boy rutting his ass back against his fingers and added the third finger in, sliding it alongside the other digits. After a few minutes, Clay pulled out the fingers and George whined at the loss.

“Don’t worry, I’ll give your slutty ass something bigger,” the green eyed boy sneered as he pulled down his shorts. His thick cock sprung free, hitting his stomach with a heavy sound. George moaned, turning around to see the huge length, but he was quickly stopped as Clay forced his head back into the mattress. Before George could even react, Clay shoved his cock into the smaller boy.

“FuCK, Clay! You’re so fucking big!” George tried to adjust to the huge member inside him, but it felt as if the freckled boy had shoved his hand up there. Thinking back now, Clay’s dick was probably as thick as George’s wrist...

Clay pulled out almost all the way before slamming himself back in, and the pleasure caused the brunette to scream into the sheets. The taller boy fucking into the boy’s hole relentlessly, used one

hand to steady himself on the bed, and the other to hold George's head down.

"Can he fuck you down like this? Make you scream and drool over his cock like me? Huh? Can he stuff your whore hole this full?" Clay leaned over, brusquely growled into the boy's ear. George just about came in that moment. The boy was thrusting into George animalistically, the sound of skin slapping filling the room.

"Answer me," the green eyed boy commanded.

"Fuck, FUCK, Clay!" George moaned as Clay's thrusts became harder, digging deeper inside him. "No! Only you! Only you can fuck me this good!" the smaller boy practically screamed out against the mattress.

Clay laughed as he let up the hold on George's head to spread his ass apart, watching as his length got swallowed up by the boy's desperate hole. The motion caused Clay to get even deeper in George, which the brown eyed boy didn't even think was possible. The taller boy was buried so deep in him that he swore he felt the thick length poking at his belly.

"Gonna cum? Why don't you show me how much you need my cock then," Clay scoffed as he completely stilled his hips, pulling out to where only his head was still in. George bit his lip as he fucked himself back on the freckled boy's length, moaning each time he slid down to the base. Clay watched hungrily, wanting to start roughly thrusting into the boy again, but holding himself back to relish in the current sight. George was getting closer to finishing, so he quickened his pace, but it still wasn't enough.

"Need you, need you to fuck me," the pale boy panted against the sheets as his cock leaked pathetically.

The blonde groaned at how sexy that was and started up the same brutal pace, thrusting into the boy with force. The bed frame started hitting against the wall with vigor, but neither of the boys could care. George, muffling his screams into the bed, came convulsing and shaking from the overwhelming pleasure. Clay grunted as his hips stuttered from the pulsing hole milking him, and buried himself in deep as he came. The pale boy moaned at the sensation of being filled up.

Once Clay was sure that every last drop was inside George, he pulled out and turned the boy over so that he was laying on his back.

"Holy shit... I need to flirt with Sam more often," the oak haired boy laughed.

Clay groaned. "Oh my god, don't start with that right now. If I go another round my dick is gonna fall off."

"Your dick? You practically destroyed my ass! How the fuck am I supposed to even go out tomorrow?" George complained.

"Guess we just won't go out then," the freckled boy grinned as he spooned George.

"By the way... I only flirted with Sam to piss you off, I don't actually have feelings for him," the British boy said as he snuggled up to the boy.

"I kinda figured, but damn did it still piss me off."

"Totally worth it," George laughed as Clay kissed his neck.

Chapter End Notes

When you can't think of a good description of an OC so you use a stardew valley character

End Notes

Had a lot of fun writing the set up and tried experimenting with my writing a little!
Honestly, this fic overall was really fun to write!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!